

54/312

(No. 1.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the Duke of LEEDS.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Esther.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Non vi piacque.	(<i>Siroe.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG and CHORUS. Come, if you dare.	} (<i>King Arthur.</i>)	<i>Purcell.</i>
RECIT. Me, when the sun.	} (<i>Il Pensieroso.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Hide me from day.		
CONCERTO 6th. Op. 2.		<i>Geminiani.</i>
CANTATA. Let the dreadful engines.		<i>Purcell.</i>
MADRIGAL. Since first I saw.		<i>Ford.</i>
SONG. Donzelle semplici.		<i>Gluck.</i>
RECIT. accomp. Jehovah crown'd.	} (<i>Esther.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. He comes.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE. 2d. Op. 8.		<i>Martini.</i>
LAST MOVEMENT. MOTET.		<i>Caldara.</i>
SONG. Io ti bacio.	(<i>Admetus.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 10th.		<i>Corelli.</i>
MUSIC in BONDUCA.		<i>Purcell.</i>
RECIT. Berenice ove sei.	} (<i>Lucio Vero.</i>)	<i>Fomelli.</i>
SONG. Ombra che pallida.		
CHORUS. Gird on thy sword.	(<i>Saul.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>



ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (SIROE.) *Handel.*

NON vi piacque, ingiusti Dei
Ch'io nascessi Pastorella;
Altra pena or non avrei
Che la cura d'un agnella,
Che l'affetto d'un Pàstor.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

(KING ARTHUR.)

Purcell.

Come, if you dare,
Our trumpets sound:
Come, if you dare,
The foes rebound.
We come, we come,
Says the double beat
Of the thund'ring drum.

Now they charge on amain:
Now they rally again;
The gods from above
The mad labour behold;
And pity mankind
That will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons
Quit their ground:
Their trumpets languish
In the sound.

They fly! they fly!

Victoria!

The bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
Then return to our lasses,
Like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils
Of the vanquish'd invaders.

RÉCIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

(IL PENSIEROSO.)

Handel.

Me, when the Sun begins to fling,
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves;
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

SONG.

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honied thigh,
Which at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
Then, as I wake, sweet music, breathe
Above, about, or underneath;
Sent by some spirit to mortal's good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

CONCERTO 6th. Op. 2. *Geminiani.*

B

SONG.

Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Purcell.

Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,
The thunder roar, and crooked lightning kill ;
My rage is hot as theirs', as fatal too,
And dares as horrid execution do.

Or let the frozen North its rancour show,
Within my breast far greater tempests grow,
Despair's more cold than all the winds can blow.

Can nothing warm me? yes, Lucinda's eyes ;
There, Etna ; there, Vesuvius lies
To furnish hell with flames,
That mounting reach the skies !

Ye powers ! I did but use her name,
And see how all the meteors flame !
Blue lightning flashes round the court of Sol,
And now the globe more fiercely burns than once
at Phaeton's fall.

Ah ! where are now those flow'ry groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play ?
Where guarded by a troop of loves,
The fair Lucinda sleeping lay.

There sung the nightingale and lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay ;
We ne'er grew sad 'till it grew dark ;
And nothing fear'd but short'ning day.

I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate,
Why must I burn for this ingrate ;
Cool it, cool it then and rail,
Since nothing, nothing will prevail.

Can nothing warm me ? yes, Lucinda's eyes ;
There, Etna ; there, Vesuvius lies
To furnish hell with flames,
That mounting reach the skies !

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT,
and BARTLEMAN. *Ford.*

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd
To honor and renown you;
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, no! my heart is fast
And cannot disentangle.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

Donzelle semplici, no, non credete
A quelle lagrime che voi vedrete
Su gli occhi spargersi del traditor:

Più che son flebile i suoi sospiri;
Più par che s'agiti, e che deliri,
Meno quel perfido commosso ha il cor.

Ah! per defendervi contro quell' Empio.
Denzelle semplici, vi sian d'esempio
E le mie smanie, e il mio rossor.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. W. KNYVETT.

(ESTHER.)

Handel.

JEHOVAH, crown'd with glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal light;
Whose ministers are flames of fire;
Arise and execute thine ire!

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes, to end our woes,
And pour his vengeance on our foes.
Earth trembles, lofty mountains nod,
JACOB arise! and meet thy God.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE 2d. Op. 8.

Martini.

LAST MOVEMENT. MOTET.

Caldara.

CHORUS.

AGNUS Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi.

Miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi.

VERSE and CHORUS.

Dona nobis pacem.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (ADMETUS.) *Handel.*

Io ti bacio
O bella imago
Del mio vago
Idolo mio.
Or con te vado
A far pago
Il costante
Mio desio.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 10th. *Corelli.*

SCENE FROM BONDUCA.

Purcell.

CHORUS.

Hear us, great RUGWITH, hear our pray'rs ;
Defend, defend, thy BRITISH isle,
Revive our hopes, disperse our fears,
Nor let thine altars be the Roman spoil :

Descend, ye pow'rs divine, descend,
In chariots of ætherial flame,
And touch the altars you defend ;
O save us, save our nation and our name.

AIR. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Hear ! ye Gods of Britain, hear us this day,
Let us not fall the Roman eagle's prey ;
Clip, clip their wings, or chase them home,
And check the tow'ring pride of Rome.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Divine ANDATE ! President of war,
The fortune of the day declare,—
Shall we to the Romans yield?
Or shall each arm that wields a spear,
Strike it through a massy shield,
And dye with Roman blood the field?

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN,
and CHORUS.

To arms ! your ensigns straight display,
Now set the battle in array ;
The Oracle for war declares,
Success depends upon our hearts and spears.
Britons, strike home, revenge your Country's wrongs,
Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

D

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (LUCIO VERO.)

Fomelli.

Berenice, ove sei?
 Qual lugubre apparato
 Di Spavento, e di lutto?
 Qual di tenebre e d'ombre
 Reggio dolente e fiera?
 Forse quì di Tieste
 Si rinovan le Cene? o langue il giorno
 Fuggitivo così, perche tra queste
 Soglie funeste, oh Dio!
 Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio?
 Ahimè! sogno o son desta?
 Odo—o parmi d'udir—la voce—il pianto—
 Del moribondo Sposo?—ahi son pur questi
 Gemiti di chi langue
 Singulti di chi spira—E quell' oscura
 Caligine profunda,
 De là s'inalza, e mostra
 Non so qual simulacro a gli occhi miei—
 Quella—si quella—oh Dei già la ravviso,
 E del mio Volageso
 L'ombra mesta e dolente
 Ah barbaro Tiranno!
 Il mio sposo uccidesti
 Io non m'inganno.

SONG.

Ombra, che pallida
Fai qui soggiorno;
Larva che squallida
Mi gira intorno
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi da me?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice
In Berenice no, pace non v'è.

CHORUS. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
Pursue thy wonted fame;
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy strong right hand, with terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate foes dismay:
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed that the following are the Days on which the CONCERTS will be performed this Season:

Concert	2,	Wednesday,	14th	of February.
—	3,	Friday,	. . . 23d	ditto.
—	4,	Wednesday,	28th	ditto.
—	5,	Friday,	. . . 9th	of March.
—	6,	Wednesday,	14th	ditto.
—	7,	—	— 21st	ditto.
—	8,	—	— 28th	ditto.
—	9,	—	— 18th	of April.
—	10,	—	— 25th	ditto.
—	11,	—	— 2d	of May.
—	12,	—	— 9th	ditto.

(No. 2.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1798.

ACT I.

FIRST PART of JUDAS MACCABÆUS. *Handel.*

ACT II.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS. } (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*
Ye sons of Israel.

SONG. O Lord have mercy upon me. *Pergolesi.*

DUET. As steals the morn, (*Il Moderato.*) *Handel.*

RECIT. Behold the nations.

CHORUS. O Baal, monarch.

RECIT. No more ye infidels.

CHORUS. Lord of eternity.

CONCERTO (*from Select Harmony.*) *Handel.*

MADRIGAL. Dissi all'amata. *Luca Marenzio.*

SONG. Se pur cara. (*Alceste.*) *Gluck.*

CHORUS. Around let acclamations. (*Athalia.*) *Handel.*

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ACT I.

FIRST PART of JUDAS MACCABÆUS. *Handel.*

OVERTURE.

CHORUS.

MOURN, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains ;
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er ;
Your father, friend, and hero, is no more.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Israelitish Man. Well may your sorrows, brethren, flow
In all th' expressive signs of woe ;
Your softer garments tear,
And squalid sackcloth wear ;
Your drooping heads with ashes strew,
And with the flowing tear your cheeks bedew.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Israelitish Woman. Daughters, let your distressful cries
And loud lament ascend the skies;
Your tender bosoms beat, and tear
With hands remorseless, your dishe-
vell'd hair;
For pale and breathless Mattathias lies;
Sad emblem of his country's miseries!

DUET. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON.

From this dread scene, these adverse powers,
Ah! whither shall we fly?
O Solyma! thy boasted towers
In smoaky ruins lie.

CHORUS.

For Sion lamentation make,
With words that weep, and tears that speak!

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Not vain is all this storm of grief;
To vent our sorrows gives relief:
Wretched indeed! but let not Judah's race
Their ruin with desponding arms embrace.
Distractful doubt and desperation,
Ill become the chosen nation;
Chosen by the great I AM,
The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,
We trust will give attentive ear
To the sincerity of prayer.

AIR. Madame BANTI.

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent prayers,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain his love.

CHORUS.

O Father, whose almighty power
The heavens, and earth, and seas adore!
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite;
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save!

B

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Simon. I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright cherubin between,
His radiant glory erst display'd;
To Israel's distressful pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabæus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
The cause of Heaven your zeal demands!
In defence of your nation, religion and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
Judas, thy sceptre to obey!

RECIT. Mr. NIELD.

Judas. 'Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold
The spirit of our fathers, fam'd of old
For their exploits in war.—Oh! may their fire
With active courage, you, their sons, inspire;
As when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing wonders wrought:
Stood still, obedient to his voice, the sun,
Till kings he had destroy'd, and kingdoms won!

AIR.

Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war:
Great is the glory of the conquering sword,
That triumphs in sweet liberty restor'd.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Israelitish Woman. To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel
For blessings on this exemplary zeal:
Bless him, Jehovah! bless him; and
 ... once more
To thine own Israel, liberty restore,

AIR.

O LIBERTY! thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure;
Life, without thee, knows no blessing,
No endearment worth caressing.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. NIELD.

Come, ever-smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

OVERTURE 7th. Op. 8. *Martini.*

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Judas. So will'd my father, now at rest
In the eternal mansions of the blest;
“ Can ye behold, said he, the miseries
“ In which the long-insulted Judah lies?
“ Can ye behold their dire distress,
“ And not, at least, attempt redress?
Then faintly, with expiring breath——
“ Resolve, my sons, on LIBERTY or DEATH.”

RECIT. accomp.

We come: O see thy sons prepare
The rough habiliments of war;
With hearts intrepid, and revengeful hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread commands!

TRIO. Mr. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and
Mr. SALE.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah! all nations may know.

CHORUS.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah! all nations may know.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Simon. Enough!—To Heaven we leave the rest;
Such gen'rous ardour firing ev'ry breast,
We may divide our cares:—the field be thine,
O Judas!—and the sanctuary mine:
For Sion, holy Sion, seat of God,
In ruinous heaps is by the heathen trod:
Such profanation calls for swift redress,
If e'er in battle Israel hopes success.

AIR.

With pious hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion! we thy call attend;
Nor dread the nations that defy us,
God our defender, God our friend,

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Judas. AMBITION!—If e'er honour was thine aim,
Challenge it here:—
The glorious cause gives sanction to thy claim.

AIR.

No unhallow'd desire
Our breasts shall inspire;
Nor lust of unbounded power;
But PEACE to obtain,
FREE PEACE let us gain,
And conquest shall ask no more.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the LORD, our strength and shield!

CHORUS,

Hear us, O LORD! on thee we call,
Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS. (JOSHUA.)

Handel.

Y^E sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heaven ascend;
In Gilgal and on Jordan's banks proclaim
One first, one last, one great Jehovah's name.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Pergolesi.*

O Lord! have mercy upon me, for I am in trouble; my strength faileth me.

But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord! I have said, thou art my God.

DUET. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON. (IL MODERATO.)

Handel.

As steals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away,
So truth doth fancy's charm dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

D

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Behold the nations all around,
What God like Baal is renown'd?
To him your stubborn tribes would bow,
Did but the slaves their duty know,

CHORUS.

O Baal! monarch of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise!
From thee the sun immensely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant robes of light:
By thee with stars the heavens glow,
The ocean swells, the rivers flow;
The vales with verdure are array'd,
The flowers perfume the thicket's shade;
And 'tis by the event confess'd,
Thy votaries alone are bless'd.

RECIT. Mr. LEETE.

No more! ye infidels, no more!
False is the God whom ye adore;
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine,
None but such wretches can believe divine,

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity ! who hast in store
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor ;
Look down ! look down ! from thy celestial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known :
Plead the just cause, thy awful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes.

CONCERTO (FROM SELECT HARMONY.) *Handel.*

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Luca Marenzio,

Dissi all' amata mia
Lucida stella
Che più d'ogn' altra luce
Ed al mio cor adduce
Fiamme, strali e catene,
Ch' ogn' hor mi danno pene ;
Deh ! morirò cor mio ?
Sì, morirai,
Ma non per mio desio.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Se pur cara è a me la vita,
E per tè mio dolce amor;
Ah per te mi sia rapita
E morrò felice allor.

T' amerò sino alla morte,
Fin colà fra l'ombre eterne,
D'una tenera consorte,
Trionfar vedrassi il cor.

CHORUS. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Around let acclamations ring,
Hail royal youth, long live the King!

SOLO. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Reviving JUDAH shall no more
Detested images adore ;
We'll purge, with a reforming hand,
Idolatry from out the land :
May GOD, from whom all mercies spring,
Bless the true Church, and save the King !

GRAND CHORUS.

Bless the true Church, and save the King !

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed that
the following are the Days on which the CONCERTS
will be performed this Season:

Concert 1, Wednesday, 7th of February.

— 2, — 14th ditto.

— 3, Friday, . . . 23d ditto.

— 4, Wednesday, 28th ditto.

— 5, Friday, . . . 9th of March.

— 6, Wednesday, 14th ditto.

— 7, — 21st ditto.

— 8, — 28th ditto.

— 9, — 18th of April.

— 10, — 25th ditto.

— 11, — 2d of May.

— 12, — 9th ditto.

(No. 3.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (*Ptolomy.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Fall'n is the foe. (*Judas Macc.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Oft, on a plat. (*Il Pensieroso.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Wretched lovers. (*Acis & Galatea.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th. *Martini.*
RECIT. accomp. Ye twice. } (*Indian Queen.*) *Purcell.*
SONG. By the croaking. }
CHORUS. Lift up up your heads. (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*
DUET. Saldi marmi. *Steffani.*
RECIT. 'Tis well, six times. }
MARCH. } (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Glory to God. }

ACT II.

OVERTURE & CHORUS. (*Acis & Galatea.*) *Handel.*
MADRIGAL. Fair, sweet, cruel. *Ford.*
RECIT. acc. Deeper and deeper. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Waft her, Angels. }
CONCERTO 5th. Grand. *Handel.*
RECIT. O worse than death. } (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Angels ever bright. }
VERSE and CHORUS. All people.
SONG. Vo solcando. *Vinci.*
CHORUS. Fix'd in his everlasting. (*Samson.*) *Handel.*

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ACT II

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ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (PTOLOMY.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

FALL'N is the foe ; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
When warlike JUDAS wields his righteous sword.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (IL PENSIEROSO.) *Handel.*

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound ;
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, thro' the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

CHORUS. (ACIS AND GALATEA.)

Handel.

Wretched lovers, fate has past
This sad decree; no joy shall last.
Wretched lovers, quit your dream;
Behold the monster Polypheme;
See what ample strides he takes;
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run fright'ned to the shores,
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

CONCERTO 6th.

Martini.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.
(INDIAN QUEEN.)

Purcell.

Ye twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily sacrifice;
Ye pow'rs that dwell with fate below
And see what men are doom'd to do;
Where elements in discord dwell;
Thou, God of sleep, arise and tell,
Tell great Zempoalla what strange fate
Must on her dismal vision wait.

AIR.

By the croaking of the toad,
In their caves that makes abode;
Earthy dun that pants for breath,
With her swell'd sides full of death;
By the crested adder's pride,
That along the cliffs doth glide;
By thy visage fierce and black,
By the death's head on thy back;
By the twisted serpents plac'd
For a girdle round thy waist;
By the hearts of gold that deck
Thy breast, thy shoulders, and thy neck;
From thy sleeping mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling eyes;
While bubbling springs their music keep,
That us'd to lull thee in thy sleep.

CHORUS.

(MESSIAH.)

Handel.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall
come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty
in battle.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift
up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory
shall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

FULL CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Madame BANTI.

Steffani.

Saldi marmi che coprite
Del mio ben l'ignuda salma
Ch'ogni dì, più in mezz' all'alma
La mia fede stabilite,
Che ne dite?
Deggio al nuovo desire
Oppore il vostro gelo
O pur morire?

RECIT. Madame BANTI.

Così Fille dicea ;
Del suo perduto Bene
Rivolto un giorno
Alle bellezze estinte,
Vissella di Fileno
Lunga stagione
In fortunati amori :
Ma già le bionde Ariste
Quattro volte divise
Avea dal suolo
Del curvo Mietitor
La falce adunca ;
Da ch' ei scendendo a morte
Tra solitarj ardor
Lasciolla in vita.
Non vantar mai tra tanto
Lacci un crin,
Risi un labro,
O strali un ciglio
Onde il suo cor fedele
O piagato, o invaghito,
O avvinto fosse.
Mostrolle al fine il caso

Ne' begl' occhi di Tirsi
Del amato Filen
Mille sembianze :
Onde fatta incapace
Di resister al bel
Ch' amò una volta ;
Risoluta d' amare
Ancora un dì ;
Parlando a pensier suoi,
Disse così ;

DUET. 1

Incostanza ! e che pretendi ?
Amerò, sì, ch' amerò.
So ben io come si può
Cangiar amanti.
E non cangiar gl' incendi,

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

'Tis well ! Six times the Lord hath been obey'd,
Low in the dust the town shall soon be laid ;
Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the shrill trumpets, shout, and blow the
horns.

MARCH.

AIR and CHORUS.

Glory to God ! the strong cemented walls,
The tott'ring tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls :
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heav'n thunders, tempests roar, and groans the
ground. *Da Capo.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

O THE pleasures of the plains,
Happy nymphs and happy swains,
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.

For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine. *Da Capo.*

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Ford,

Fair, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me?
Go not, oh! go not from thy dearest;
Tho' thou dost hasten, I am nigh thee,
When thou seemest far, then I am nearest:
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.
Fie, fie, sweetest, here is no danger,
Fly not, oh! fly not, Love pursues thee;
I am no foe, nor hostile stranger,
Thy scorn with fresher hope renews me:
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON. (JEPHTHAH.)

Handel,

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling desarts:—for the ears of men
It is too shocking.—Yet, have I not vow'd,

And can I think the great JEHOVAH sleeps,
Like Chemosh, and such fabled deities?—
Ah! no:—Heaven heard my thoughts, and wrote
them down:

It must be so!—'tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
That lash me into madness.—

—————Horrid thought!
My only daughter;—so dear a child,
Doom'd by a father!—Yes—the vow is past,
And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes;—
Therefore—to-morrow's dawn—I can no more.

SONG.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign. *Da Capo.*

—————
CONCERTO 5th. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

D

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

O worse than death indeed ; lead me, ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames ;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.—

SONG.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care ;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white. *Da Capo.*

VERSE and CHORUS.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear ; his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make,
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
 Approach with joy his courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why?—the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Vinci.*

Vo solcando un mar crudele,
 Senza vele, e senza sarte;
 Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
 Cresce il vento, e manca l'arte,
 E il voler della fortuna
 Son costretto a seguitar,
 Infelice in questo stato
 Son da tutti abbandonato:
 Meco è sola l'Innocenza
 Che mi porta a naufragar. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
JEHOVAH rules the world in state,
Great DAGON rules the world in state,
His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Remain in steadfast gaze.
Great DAGON is, of Gods, the first and last.
JEHOVAH is, of Gods, the first and last.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

(No. 4.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord Viscount MALDEN.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. (*Saul.*) *Handel.*
TRIO. Like a bright cherub. (*Gideon.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. The many rend. (*Alex. Feast.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Praise the Lord. (*Esther.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 8th. *Corelli.*
SONG. Cara sposa. (*Radamistus.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. All we like sheep. (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Rasserena il mesto. *Gluck.*
CHORUS. He gave them. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (*Iphigene.*) *Gluck.*
SCENE. (*from the Tempest.*) *Purcell.*
SONG. Tears, such as tender. } (*Deborah.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Doleful tidings. }
CONCERTO 4th. (*from his Trios.*) *Martini.*
QUARTETT. and CHORUS. Concinamus. *Reading.*
RECIT. Nel chiuso. } (*Cantata.*) *Pergolesi.*
SONG. Euridice, e dove sei? }
ANTHEM. My heart is inditing. *Handel.*

Lord Viscount MALDEN.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Concert of Ancient Music

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1850

ACT I.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. (Soul.) Handel.
TRIO. Like a bright cherub. (Gideon.) Handel.
CHORUS. The many tread. (Abner.) Handel.
SONG. Praise the Lord. (Elihu.) Handel.
CONCERTO 8th. Handel.
SONG. Ours sponse. (Rahab.) Handel.
CHORUS. All we like sheep. (Messiah.) Handel.
SONG. Rasterena il mesio. Gluck.
CHORUS. He gave them. (Israel in Egypt.) Handel.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (Iphigene.) Gluck.
SCENE. (From the Tarsus.) Purcell.
SONG. Tears, such as tender. (Deborah.) Handel.
CHORUS. Doleful tidings. Handel.
CONCERTO 4th. (From the Tarsus.) Martin.
QUARTETT. and CHORUS. Concinamus. Reading.
RECIT. Nel chiso. Handel.
SONG. Euridice, e dove sei? (Camilla.) Handel.
ANTHEM. My heart is inditing. Handel.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. (SAUL.)
Handel.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and
Mr. W. KNYVETT. (GIDEON.) *Handel.*

LIKE a bright cherub, some mortal befriending,
Mercy now glides from the empyreal throne:
Hope, her wing'd herald, glad omens portending,
With joy and blessing this conquest to crown.

Great is the victor, all rancour resigning,
Raising the conquer'd with unlook'd-for joy;
To the sweet dictates of mercy inclining,
When fate vouchsafes him the power to destroy.

Thus, when the night, all in darkness involving,
Holds for a while her disconsolate reign,
Sol's radiant beams the thick vapours dissolving,
Burst through the gloom and give daylight again.

CHORUS. (ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON, accompanied on the
Harp by Mad^{felle} DUPARCQ. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

Praise the Lord with cheerful noise,
Wake my glory, wake my lyre;
Praise the Lord each mortal voice,
Praise the Lord ye heav'nly choir.
Zion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 8th.

Corelli.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (RADAMISTUS.) *Handel.*

Cara sposa, amato bene
Prendi spene
Che non sempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo sdegno in me.
Sgombra oh Dio, dal nobil core,
Il dolore; che't vederti lagrimar,
Fà tremar lo spirto è'l pie.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

All we like sheep have gone astray, we have
turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of
us all.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

Rasserena il mesto ciglio
Non è ver, non vado a morte;
Vò con lieta, e fausta sorte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He gave them hailstones for rain; fire mingled
with the hail ran along upon the ground.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (IPHIGENE.) *Gluck.*

SCENE from the TEMPEST. *Purcell.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And there take hands;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the rest the burthen bear.

CHORUS.

Hark ! hark !
The watch dogs bark ;
Hark ! I hear
The strain of chanticleer.

CHORUS.

Around, around we pace
About this cursed place ;
While thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin.

QUARTETTO. Mrs. HARRISON, Master CRAVEN,
Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Arne and Jackson.

Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's beam
From the presence of the sun,
Follow darkness as a dream :
Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire ;—
Merrily, merrily shall we live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SONG. Mr. W. KNYVETT.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones is coral made :
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

CHORUS.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Tears, such as tender fathers shed,
Warm from my aged eyes descend
For joy, to think, when I am dead,
My son shall have mankind his friend.

CHORUS.

Doleful tidings, how ye wound,
Despair and death, are in that sound.

CONCERTO 4th. (FROM HIS TRIOS.) *Martini.*

QUARTETTO.

Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. KNYVETT, HARRISON,
and BARTLEMAN. *Reading.*

Concinamus ! O sodales !
Eja ! quid silemus !
Nobile canticum
Dulce, melos Domum
Dulce Domum resonemus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum ! dulce domum !
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Appropinquat ecce ! felix
Hora gaudiorum
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum ! dulce domum !
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Ridet annus ; prata rident
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit domum
Daulius advena
Nosqui domum repetamus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum ! dulce domum !
Dulce domum resonemus.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. *Pergolesi.*

Nel chiuso centro, ove ogni luce assonna,
Allor che pianse in compagnia
D'Amore, della smarrita donna
Seguendo l'orme per ignota via,
Giunse di tracia il Vate.
Al suo dolore qui sciolse il freno,
A rintracciar pietate:
E qui nel muto orrore, in dolci accenti,
All' alme sventurate,
Sulla cetra narrando i suoi tormenti,
Temprò la pena, e debellò lo sdegno.
Del barbaro Signor del cieco regno.

SONG.

Euridice! e dove sei!
Chi m'ascolta? chi m'addita?
Dov' è 'il sol degl' occhi miei?
Chi farà che torni in vita;
Chi al mio cor la renderà?

D

ANTHEM.

Handel.

My heart is inditing of a good matter : I speak of
the things which I have made unto the king.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable
women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in
vesture of gold ; and the king shall have pleasure
in thy beauty.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens
thy nursing mothers.

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed that the following are the Days on which the CONCERTS will be performed this Season:

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	7th	of February.
—	2,	— —	14th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday, . . .	23d	ditto.
—	4,	Wednesday,	28th	ditto.
—	5,	Friday, . . .	9th	of March.
—	6,	Wednesday,	14th	ditto.
—	7,	— —	21st	ditto.
—	8,	— —	28th	ditto.
—	9,	— —	18th	of April.
—	10,	— —	25th	ditto.
—	11,	— —	2d	of May.
—	12,	— —	9th	ditto.

The Secretary and committee inform that
the following are the days on which the Concerts
will be performed this season:

Concert 1	Wednesday	1st of February	8th
Concert 2	Thursday	2nd	9th
Concert 3	Wednesday	8th	15th
Concert 4	Thursday	9th	16th
Concert 5	Wednesday	15th	22nd
Concert 6	Thursday	16th	23rd
Concert 7	Wednesday	22nd	29th
Concert 8	Thursday	23rd	30th
Concert 9	Wednesday	29th	6th of April
Concert 10	Thursday	30th	7th
Concert 11	Wednesday	6th	13th of May
Concert 12	Thursday	7th	14th

(No. 5.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord GREY DE WILTON,
For Lord Viscount FITZWILLIAM.

Concert of Antient Music,

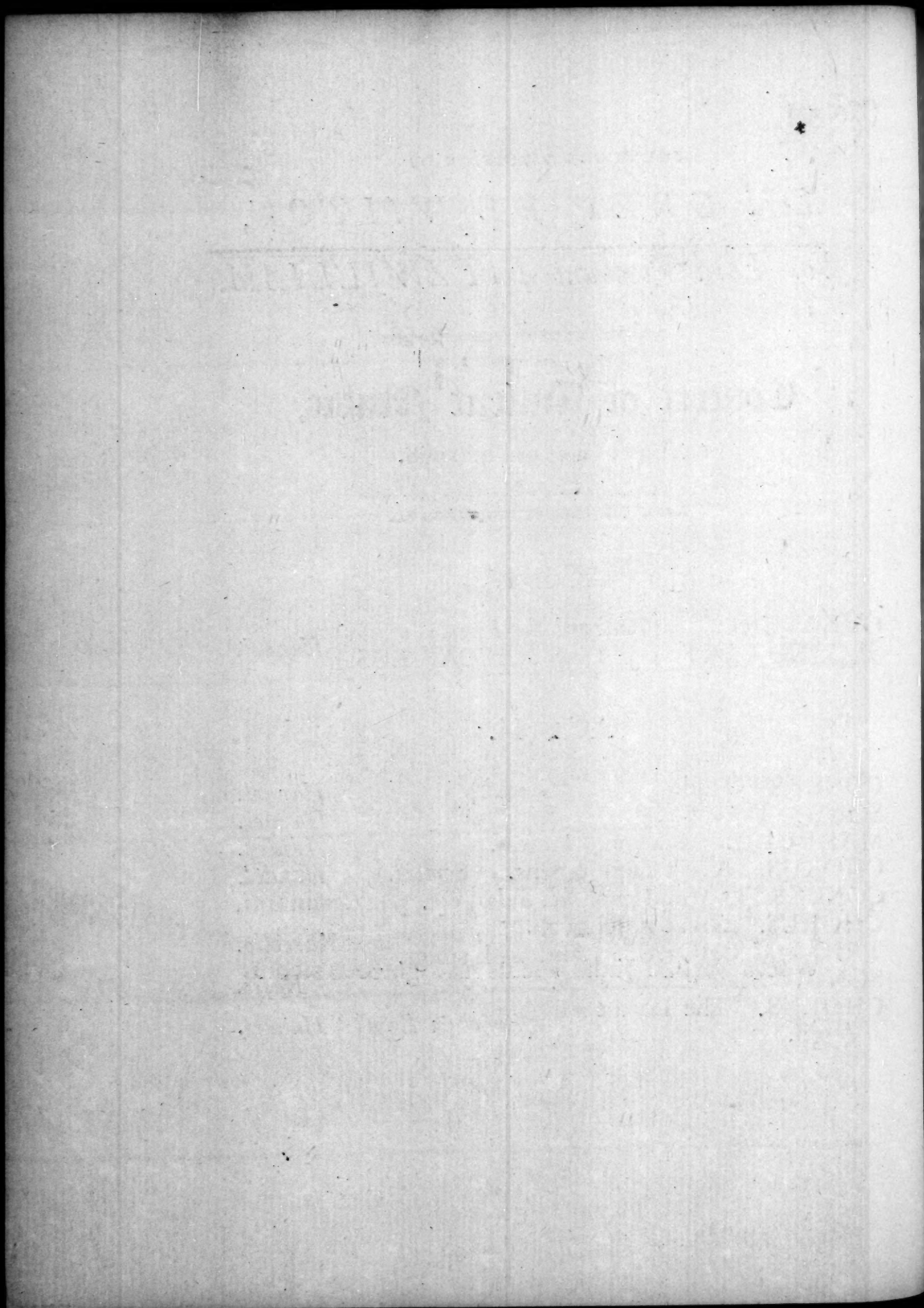
FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (*Richard the First.*)
SECOND PART of JUDAS MACCABÆUS. } *Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d. (*Grand.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Dove Sei. (*Rodelinda.*) *Handel.*
MADRIGAL. Let me, careless. *Linley.*
CHORUS. Avert these omens. (*Semele.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 4th. (*from his Solos, Op. 4.*) *Geminiani.*
CHORUS. Great is Jehovah. }
TRIO and CHORUS. And with songs. } *Marcello.*
SONG. Allor che il vento. *Hasse.*
CHORUS. The Lord shall }
reign. } (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*



ACT I.

OVERTURE. (RICHARD THE FIRST.) *Handel.*

SECOND PART of JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

CHORUS.

FALL'N is the foe.—So fall thy foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Israelitish Woman. Victorious hero ! Fame shall tell,
With her last breath, how Apollonius fell,
And all Samaria fled ; by thee pursu'd,
Through hills of carnage and a sea of blood.
While thy resistless prowess dealt around,
With their own leader's sword, the deathful
wound.
Thus too the haughty Seron, Syria's boast,
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd host.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miss HANDY,
and CHORUS.

Sion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Israelitish Woman. O let eternal honours crown his name ;
Judas ! first worthy in the rolls of fame.
Say, " He put on the breast-plate as a giant,
" And girt his warlike harness about him :
" In his acts he was like a lion,
" And like a lion's whelp, roaring for his prey.

AIR.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile;
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her hero's fame. *Da Capo.*

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. W. KNYVETT,
and CHORUS.

Hail! hail! Judea, happy land!
Salvation prospers in his hand.

B

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Judas. Thanks to my brethren——but look up to
Heav'n;
To Heav'n let glory and all praise be giv'n;
To Heav'n give your applause;
Nor add the second cause,
As once your fathers did in Midian,
Saying, "The sword of God and Gideon."—
It was the Lord who for his Israel fought,
And this our wonderful salvation wrought.

AIR.

How vain is man, who boasts in fight
The valour of gigantic might:—
And dreams not that a hand unseen
Directs, and guides, this weak machine!
Da Capo.

AIR. Mr. NIELD and Mr. HARRISON,
and CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high affections raise,
To crown this conquest with unmeasur'd praise.

CONCERTO 3d.

Corelli.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Israelitish Messenger. O Judas, O my brethren!
New scenes of bloody war
In all their horrors rise!
Prepare, prepare,
Or soon we fall a sacrifice
To great Antiochus; from th' Ægyptian coast,
(Where Ptolemy hath Memphis and Pelufium lost)
He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands
His proud victorious bands
To root out Israel's strength, and to erase
Ev'ry memorial of the sacred place.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

Ah! wretched, wretched Israel; fall'n how low!
From joyous transport to desponding woe!

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Simon. Be comforted ;—nor think these plagues are
sent
For your destruction, but for chastisement.
Heav'n oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin.—Turn to God,
And draw a blessing from his iron rod.

AIR.

The Lord worketh wonders
His glory to raise ;
As still as he thunders
Is fearful in praise.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD.

Judas. My arms ! Against this Gorgias will I go—
The Idumean governor shall know,
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm !—Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around,—
Who listeth, follow.—To the field again.—
Justice with courage is a thousand men.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call :
And follow thee to conquest—If to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

}

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Israelitish Man. Ye worshippers of God !
Down, down with the polluted idols, down ;
Hurl Jupiter Olympus from his throne,
Nor reverence Bacchus with his ivy crown,
And ivy-wreathed rod.—Our fathers
Never knew him, or his beastly crew,
Or knowing, scorn'd such idle vanities.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Israelitish Woman. No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
Wild with delusion, pay their nightly song
To Ashtoreth, yclep't the queen of Heav'n :
Hence to Phœnicia be the goddess driv'n ;
Or be she, with her priests and pageants,
hurl'd
To the remotest corner of the world ;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miss HANDY.

O never, never bow we down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone :
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down,
To the rude stock or sculptur'd stone. — }
We worship God, and God alone.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

SONG. Madame BANTI. (RODELINDA.) *Handel.*

DOVE sei, amato bene?
Vieni l'alma a consolar.
Son oppressa da tormenti,
Ed i crudi miei lamenti,
Sol con te posso bear.

Da Capo.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, BARTLEMAN, and SALE.

T. Linley.

Let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all the wanton boughs dispute ;
And the more tuneful birds replying,
Till my DELIA with her heav'nly song
Silence the wanton boughs, and birds that sing
among.

CHORUS. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs!
Some god, averse, our holy rites controls ;
O'erwhelm'd with sudden night the day expires!
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls ;
And Jove himself descends in show'rs
To quench our late propitious fires.

CONCERTO 4th. (FROM HIS SOLOS, Op. 4.)
Geminiani.

CHORUS. *Marcello.*

Great is Jehovah and highly to be praised.

TRIO. Mr. W. KNYVETT, Mr. HARRISON, and
Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

And with songs I will celebrate the name of Je-
hovah most high.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Hasse.*

Allor che il vento freme
Sembra che irata l'onda
Corra a inondar la sponda
Fugga di seno al mar.

Ma giunta al lido appresso,
Torna nel mare istesso
Placida a riposar.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

For the horse of PHARAOH went in with his chariots, and with his horsemen into the sea. And the LORD brought again the waters of the sea upon them: but the children of ISRAEL went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And MIRIAM the prophetess, the sister of AARON, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances: and MIRIAM answer'd them,

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

Sing ye to the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously :

The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

I will sing unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously :

The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed that the following are the Days on which the CONCERTS will be performed this Season:

Concert 1, Wednesday, 7th of February.

———— 2, ———— 14th ditto.

———— 3, Friday, . . . 23d ditto.

———— 4, Wednesday, 28th ditto.

———— 5, Friday, . . . 9th of March,

———— 6, Wednesday, 14th ditto.

———— 7, ———— 21st ditto.

———— 8, ———— 28th ditto.

———— 9, ———— 18th of April.

———— 10, ———— 25th ditto.

———— 11, ———— 2d of May.

———— 12, ———— 9th ditto.

(No. 6.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (Pharamond.) *Handel.*
RECIT. 'Tis Dioclesian's natal.
SONG. Go, my faithful soldier. } (Theodora.) *Handel.*
CHORUS. And draw a blessing. }
SONG. Non so d'onde. *Bach.*
CHORUS. He sent a thick. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st. *Corelli.*
SONG. Non vi turbate no. (*Alceste.*) *Gluck.*
CHORUS. O God, who in thy. (*Joseph.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d. Oboe. *Handel.*
THE PASSIONS. (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*
SONG. O magnify the Lord. (*Anthem.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Gloria in excelsis. *Pergolesi.*
CONCERTO 3. (*from his Trios, Op. 3.*) *Martini.*
SONG. In te spero o sposa, *Hasse.*
CHORUS. How excellent thy name. (*Saul.*) *Handel.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (PHARAMOND,) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (THEODORA.)
Handel.

'TIS Dioclesian's natal day!—
Proclaim throughout the lands of Antioch
A feast, and solemn sacrifice to Jove!
Whoso' disdains to join the sacred rites,
Shall feel our wrath in chastisement, or death.
And this, SEPTIMUS, take you in charge!

11

SONG.

Go, my faithful soldier, go,
Let the fragrant incense rise
To Jove, great ruler of the skies.

CHORUS.

And draw a blessing down
On his Imperial crown,
Who rules the world below.

SONG.

Mr. NIELD.

Bach.

Non so d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi nasce nel petto;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi v'è
Sono a destarmi
Sì fieri contrasti,
Non parmi che basti
La sola pietà. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even
darkness which might be felt.

He smote all the first-born of Egypt : the chief of
all their strength.

But as for his people : he led them forth like sheep :

He brought them out with silver and gold : there
was not one feeble person among their tribes.

CONCERTO 1st. *Corelli.*

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Non vi turbate, nò
Pietosi Dei !
Se a voi m' involerò
Qualche momento.
Anche senza il rigor
De voti miei
Io morirò d'amor,
E di contento.

CHORUS. (JOSEPH.) *Handel.*

O God who in thy heav'nly hand
Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy Jacob and his land,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings:
Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender mercies let us share,
O Lord, we trust alone in thee.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d. Oboe.

Handel.

THE PASSIONS.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*

SWEEP, sweep the strings, to sooth the royal fair,
And rouse each passion to th' alternate air.

AIR and CHORUS.

Music spread thy voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling sound.

AIR and CHORUS.

Now a different measure try,
Shake the dome and pierce the sky :
Rouse us next to martial deeds.
Clanking arms and neighing steeds,
Seem in fury to oppose—
Now the hard fought battle glows.

RECIT. and CHORUS.

Then at once, from rage remove,
Draw the tear from hopeless love.
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair,

RECIT.

Next the tortur'd soul release
And the mind restore to peace.

AIR and CHORUS.

Thus rolling surges rise,
And plough the troubled main ;
But soon the tempest dies,
And all is calm again.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his
holy hill. For the Lord our God is holy.

CHORUS.

Pergolesi.

Gloria in excelsis; Deo gloria
Et in terra pax,
Hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

CONCERTO 3. (FROM HIS TRIOS, Op. 3.) *Martini.*

SONG.

Madame BANTI.

Hasse.

In te spero o sposo amato,
Fido a te la sorte mia,
E per te qualunque sia,
Sempre cara a me sarà.

Perche a me nel morir mio.
Il piacer non sia negato,
Di vantar che tua son io,
Il morir mi piacerà.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (SAUL.)

Handel

How excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

TRIO.

Along the monster Atheist strode,
With more than human pride;
And armies of the living God
Exulting in his strength defy'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The youth inspir'd by thee, O Lord!
With ease the boaster slew;
Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

CHORUS.

How excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne.

HALLELUJAH.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed that the following are the Days on which the CONCERTS will be performed this Season:

Concert 1, Wednesday, 7th of February.

— 2, — — 14th ditto.

— 3, Friday, . . . 23d ditto.

— 4, Wednesday, 28th ditto.

— 5, Friday, . . . 9th of March.

— 6, Wednesday, 14th ditto.

— 7, — — 21st ditto.

— 8, — — 28th ditto.

— 9, — — 18th of April.

— 10, — — 25th ditto.

— 11, — — 2d of May.

— 12, — — 9th ditto.

(No. 7.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the Duke of LEEDS.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (*Scipio.*) *Handel.*
SONG and } The trumpet's. (*Dryden's Ode.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. }
SONG. What, though I trace. (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 11th. Grand. *Handel.*
SONG. L'augelletto. *Piccini.*
TRIO. Hither turn thee. (*Judgment of Paris.*) *Arne.*
RECIT. The people at. }
SONG. He was brought. } (*Redemption.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. For unto us a child. }
PASTORAL SYMPHONY. }
RECIT. There were shepherds. } (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Glory to God. }

ACT II.

CONCERTO 11th. *Corelli.*
DUET & CHORUS. Caro bella. (*Julius Cæsar.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Verdi prati. (*Alcina.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Righteous Heaven. (*Susanna.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Un cosi grand' ardire. *Graun.*
CONCERTO 4th. Op. 4. *Avison.*
SONG. Io di mia man. *Hasse.*
CHORUS. From the censer. (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (SCIPIO.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS.
(DRYDEN'S ODE.) *Handel.*

THE trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms;
The double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, Hark! the Foe's come,
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

SONG. Miss HANDY. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

What though I trace each herb and flow'r
That drinks the morning dew ;
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,
How vain were all I knew !

CONCERTO 11th. Grand. *Handel.*

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Piccini.*

L'augelletto in lacci stretto
Perche mai canter s'ascolta?
Perche spera un' altra volta
Ritornare in libertà
Nel conflitto sanguinoso
Quel guerrier perchè non geme?
Perchè gode colla speme
Quel riposo che non hà :

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Miss HANDY, and
Master CRAVEN. (JUDGMENT OF PARIS.)

Arne.

Hither turn thee, gentle swain,
Turn to me for I am she.

They will deceive thee,
I'll never leave thee.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (REDEMPTION.)

Handel.

The people at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets, which were read every Sabbath-day, they have fulfilled them, in condemning him.

SONG.

He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep to the sacrifice, yet he opened not his mouth.

When he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.

Da Capo.

B

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

There were shepherds, abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

RECIT. Accompanied.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were fore afraid:

RECIT.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people : for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

RECIT. Accomp.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 11th.

Corelli.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miss HANDY.

(JULIUS CÆSAR.)

Handel.

Cleo. } *Caro.*
Ces. } *Bella.*

PIÙ amabile beltà
Mai non si troverà
Del tuo bel volto.

In me } Non splenderà
In te } Ne amor ne fedelta.

Da te }
Da me } Disciolto.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Ritorni ormai del nöttro core
La bella Gioia ed'il piacer.
Sgombrato è il sen d'ogni dolore
Ciascun ritorni ora a goder.

DUET.

Un bel contento il sen gia si prepara
Se tu sarai costante ogn'or per me,
Così sorti dal cor la doglia amara
E sol vi resta amor, Costanza, è fè.

Da Capo Chorus.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCINA.) *Handel,*

Verdi prati, e selve amene
Perderete la beltà.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto.
All'orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornerà.

Da Capo,

CHORUS. (SUSANNA.) *Handel.*

Righteous Heaven beholds their guile,
And forbears his wrath awhile.
Yet his bolt shall quickly fly,
Darted through the flaming sky.
Tremble, guilt, for thou shalt find
Wrath divine outstrips the wind.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *Graun.*

Un cosi grand' ardire
M'anima espinge all' ire
L'audace morira.
Le leggi se un indegno
Osa sprezza d'un regno
Giustizia e crudelta. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 4th. (OPERA QUARTO.) *Avison.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. *Hasse.*

Io di mia man la fronte
T'adornerò d'allori.
Terger nei bei sudori
Io di mia man saprò,
Piane le vie scoscese,
Certe le dubbie imprese,
Piacevoli gli affanni
Sempre ti renderò *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven blesses David's throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Live, live for ever, pious David's son;
Live, live for ever, might Solomon.

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Ancient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1799, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by

LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 21st, 1798.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed that the following are the Days on which the CONCERTS will be performed this Season:

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	7th	of February.
—	2,	—	—	14th ditto.
—	3,	Friday,	. . .	23d ditto.
—	4,	Wednesday,	28th	ditto.
—	5,	Friday,	. . .	9th of March.
—	6,	Wednesday,	14th	ditto.
—	7,	—	—	21st ditto.
—	8,	—	—	28th ditto.
—	9,	—	—	18th of April.
—	10,	—	—	25th ditto.
—	11,	—	—	2d of May.
—	12,	—	—	9th ditto.

D

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
THEIR MAJESTIES,

AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the Duke of LEEDS,
The Earl of CHESTERFIELD,
The Earl of UXBRIDGE,

Lord Viscount MALDEN,
Lord Viscount FITZWILLIAM, and
Lord GREY DE WILTON.

At the GREAT ROOM, KING'S THEATRE,
On FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1798, will be performed

A Grand Concert,

BY THE BAND OF THE

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

IN AID OF THE

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS

FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, ESTHER.

OPENING of the DETTINGEN TE DEUM.

SONG, Mr. NIELD; "Oft on a Plat," (*Il Penseroso.*)

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS, "Ye Sons of Israel," (*Joshua.*)

CONCERTO 8th. (NATALE.)

RÉCIT. and SONG, Mrs. HARRISON, "Ye sacred Priests," (*Jephthah.*)

AIR, Mr. W. KNYVETT, and CHORUS, "Jehovah crown'd." (*Esther.*)

SONG, Madame BANTI; "Dove sei?" (*Rodelinda.*)

GRAND CHORUS, "Hallelujah!" (*Messiah.*)

} Handel.
Corelli.

} Handel.

ACT II.

OVERTURE, DEAD MARCH, & FIRST CHORUS, } (*Saul.*)
"How excellent."

SONG, Mr. HARRISON, "Rendi il sereno al ciglio." (*Safarines.*)

CHORUS, "Hear us, O Lord!" (*Judas Macc.*)

SONG, Mr. BARTLEMAN, "Lord, to thee." (*Theodora.*)

TRIO, Mr. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and Mr. SALE, and } (*Judas Macc.*)
CHORUS, "Disdainful of Danger."

} Handel.

FIFTH GRAND CONCERTO.

CHORUS, "Gird on thy Sword." (*Saul.*)

RECIT. and AIR, Madame BANTI, "Berénice, ove sei." (*Lucio Vero.*)

GRAND CHORUS, "Worthy is the Lamb." (*Messiah.*)

} Corelli.
Handel.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Madame BANTI,
And Mrs. HARRISON.

Mr. HARRISON,
Mr. NIELD, Mr. SALE,
Messrs. KNYVETT, Mr. GORE,
Mr. LEETE, Mr. CHAMPNES,
And Mr. BARTLEMAN.

LEADER OF THE BAND, Mr. CRAMER.
CONDUCTOR, Mr. GREATOREX.

TICKETS (ONE GUINEA each) to be had at Messrs. LONGMAN and BRODERIP's, Cheapside and Haymarket; Mr. SMART's, Oxford Street, and Mr. BIRCHALL's, New Bond Street. — The Number of Tickets will be limited to what the Room can perfectly accommodate, and No Money to be received at the Door.

The DIRECTORS acquaint the Public, that it is their Intention to defray every Expence incident to this CONCERT, so that the entire Receipts may be sent to the Bank. They beg leave to add, that THE ORCHESTRA have nobly offered their Services GRATIS, and that the MANAGER OF THE KING'S THEATRE has, in the most liberal Manner, given the Use of the Room, and every other Convenience in his Power.

N. B. REFRESHMENTS between the Acts.

The Entrance to the Room will be at the THEATRE DOOR, the other Door being solely appropriated to THEIR MAJESTIES and Suite.

The Doors will be opened at Half past Six, and the Performance begin precisely at Half past Seven o'Clock.

☞ The Tickets will be ready for Delivery on Friday next.

(No. 8.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
The Earl of **CHESTERFIELD.**

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (Berenice.) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Come, mighty Father. (Theodora.) *Handel.*
MADRIGAL. Sola soletta. *G. Converso.*
RECIT. Alma del. }
SONG. Piangerò la sorte. } (Julius Cæsar.) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 2d. *Corelli.*
RECIT. It must be so. }
SONG. Pour forth no more. } (Jephthah.) *Handel.*
CHORUS. No more to Ammon's. }
SONG. Thou didst blow. (Israel in Egypt.) *Handel.*
RECIT. Such Jephthah was. }
CHORUS. When his loud voice. } (Jephthah.) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE. }
RECIT. ac. Comfort ye. } (Messiah.) *Handel.*
SONG. Every valley. }
CHORUS. And the glory. }
TRIO. Qui tollis. *Leo.*
CONCERTO 1st. Op. 3d. *Geminiani.*
SONG. Grazie agl'inganni tuoi. *Metastasio.*
CHORUS. See from his post. (Belshazzar.) *Handel.*
SONG. Odi grand' ombra. *De Maio.*
RECIT. ac. But bright Cecilia. }
CHORUS. As from the pow'r. } (Dryden's Ode.) *Handel.*

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them. The list includes names such as "J. H. Smith", "W. J. Jones", and "A. B. Brown", among others. The addresses are also written in cursive and include street names and city names.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (BERENICE.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

COME, mighty Father; mighty Lord,
With love our souls inspire,
While grace and truth flow from thy word
And feed the holy fire.

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Miss HANDY, Messrs.
KNYVETT, HARRISON, and BARTLEMAN.
G. Converso.

Sola, soletta io mē ne vo cantando,
Ed ho via il core più freddo che giaccio;
E vo' d'amor spregiando ogni suo laccio.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (JULIUS CÆSAR.) *Handel.*

Alma del gran Poïmpeo.
 Che al cener suo d'intorno,
 Invisibil t'aggiri,
 Fur ombra i tuoi trofei,
 Ombra la tua grandezza, e un' ombra sei.
 Così termina al fine il fasto umano;
 Jer, chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
 Oggi rivolto in polve un urna serra:
 Tal di ciascuno, ah! lasso!
 Il principio è di terra, e il fine un sasso.
 Misera vita! o quanto è fral tuo stato!
 Ti forma un soffio, e ti distrugge un fiato.

SONG.

Piangerò la sorte mia.
 Si crudele e tanto ria
 Finchè vita in petto avrò:
 Ma poi morta, d' ogni intorno
 Il tiranno e notte e giorno,
 Fatta spettro, agiterò.

Piangerò, &c.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 2d.

Corelli.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

It must be so: or these vile Ammonites
 (Our lordly tyrants now these eighteen years)
 Will crush the race of Israel. ———
 Since heaven vouchsafes not, with immediate choice,
 To point us out a leader, as before,
 Ourselves must chuse; and who so fit a man
 As Gilead's son, our brother, valiant Jephthah?
 True, we have slighted, scorn'd, expell'd him hence,
 As of a stranger born; but well I know him;
 His generous soul disdains a mean revenge,
 When his distressful country calls his aid:
 And, perhaps, Heaven may favour our request,
 If with repentant hearts, we sue for mercy.

SONG.

Pour forth no more unheeded prayers
 To idols deaf and vain,
 No more with vile unhallow'd airs
 The sacred rites profane. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

No more to Ammon's God and King,
 Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring,
 In dismal dance around the furnace blue.
 Chemosh no more
 Will we adore
 With timbrel'd anthems to Jehovah due.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.)

Handel.

Thou didst blow with the wind,
The sea covered them;
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Such Jephthah was the haughty King's reply,
No terms but ruin : slavery or death.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Sound then the last alarm;
And to the field ye sons of Israel with intrepid hearts:
Dependant on the might of Israel's God.

CHORUS.

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command :
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confin'd by that great power
That gave them strength to roar ;
They now contract their boist'rous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

RECIT. accom. Mr. HARRISON.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem: and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

SONG.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low : the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together ; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. BARTLEMAN, and
Mr. KNYVETT. *Leo.*

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui
tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.

CONCERTO 1st. Op. 3d.

Geminiani.

C

SONG.

Madame BANTI.

*Parole e Musica
di Metastasio.*

Grazie agl'inganni tuoi
Alfin respiro o Nice!
Alfin d'un' infelice
Ebber gli Dei pietà.
Sento da' lacci suoi,
Sento che l'alma è sciolta;
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà.

Io lascio un' incostante;
Tu perdi un cor sincero;
Non so di noi primiero
Chi s'abbia a consolar.
So che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più Nice:
Che un' altra ingannatrice
E' facile a trovar.

CHORUS.

(BELSHAZZAR.)

Handel.

See from his post EUPHRATES flies,
The stream withdraws its guardian wave,
Fenceless the queen of cities lies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, dost thou leave
Thy charge to hostile arms a prey?
Expose the lives thou ought'st to save,
Prepare the fierce invaders way,
And, like false man, thy trust betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

EUPHRATES hath his task fulfill'd,
But to divine decree must yield,
While BABEL, queen of cities, reign'd,
Her flood, her guardian, was ordain'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, like false man,
Thy trust betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now to superior pow'r give place,
And but the doom of Heav'n obey.

FULL CHORUS.

Of things on earth, proud man must own,
Falsehood is found in man alone.

SONG.

Mr. NIELD.

De Maio.

Odi grand ombra, e placati,
Qual flebile contento,
Fan d'Alessandro i gemiti,
Al Publico lamento
Che mai non può mentir !
Oimé ! che a tante lagrime,
Ai doni, alle preghiere,
Sorde sù gli aspri cardini,
D'Aide le porte nere,
Più non fi sanno aprir !

RECIT. accomp. Mrs. HARRISON.

(DRYDEN'S ODE.) *Handel.*

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n :
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

AIR and CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above :
So when the last and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high, }
The dead shall live, the living die, }
And music shall untune the sky. }

END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Ancient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1799, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 21st, 1798.

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Concert	1,	Wednesday,	7th	of February.
—	2,	— —	14th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday,	. . . 23d	ditto.
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—	6,	Wednesday,	14th	ditto.
—	7,	— —	21st	ditto.
—	8,	— —	28th	ditto.
—	9,	— —	18th	of April.
—	10,	— —	25th	ditto.
—	11,	— —	2d	of May.
—	12,	— —	9th	ditto.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
THEIR MAJESTIES,

AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the Duke of LEEDS,
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 The Earl of UXBRIDGE,

Lord Viscount MALDEN,
 Lord Viscount FITZWILLIAM, and
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ACT I.

OVERTURE, ESTHER.

OPENING of the DETTINGEN TE DEUM.

SONG, Mr. NIELD, "Oft on a Plat," (*Il Penseroso.*)

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS, "Ye Sons of Israel, (*Joshua.*)

CONCERTO 8th. (NATALE.)

RECIT. and SONG, Mrs. HARRISON, "Ye sacred Priests," (*Jephthah.*)

AIR, Mr. W. KNYVETT, and CHORUS, "Jehovah crown'd." (*Esther.*)

SONG, Madame BANTI, "Dove sei?" (*Rodelinda.*)

GRAND CHORUS, "Hallelujah!" (*Messiah.*)

} Handel,
 Corelli.

} Handel.

ACT II.

OVERTURE, DEAD MARCH, & FIRST CHORUS, } (*Saul.*)
 "How excellent."

SONG, Mr. HARRISON, "Rendi il sereno al ciglio." (*Sofarmes.*)

CHORUS, "Hear us, O Lord!" (*Judas Macc.*)

SONG, Mr. BARTLEMAN, "Lord, to thee." (*Theodora.*)

TRIO, Mr. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and Mr. SALE, and } (*Judas Macc.*)
 CHORUS, "Disdainful of Danger."

} Handel.

FIFTH GRAND CONCERTO.

CHORUS, "Gird on thy Sword." (*Saul.*)

RECIT. and AIR, Madame BANTI, "Berenice, ove sei." (*Lucio Vero.*)

GRAND CHORUS, "Worthy is the Lamb." (*Messiah.*)

} Tomelli.
 Handel.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Madame BANTI,
And Mrs. HARRISON.

Mr. HARRISON,
Mr. NIELD, Mr. SALE,
Messrs. KNYVETT, Mr. GORE,
Mr. LEETE, Mr. CHAMPNES,
And Mr. BARTLEMAN.

LEADER OF THE BAND, Mr. CRAMER.
CONDUCTOR, Mr. GREATOREX.

TICKETS (ONE GUINEA each) to be had at Messrs. LONGMAN and BRODERIP's, Cheapfide and Haymarket; Mr. SMART's, Oxford Street, and Mr. BIRCHALL's, New Bond Street. — The Number of Tickets will be limited to what the Room can perfectly accommodate, and No Money to be received at the Door.

The DIRECTORS acquaint the Public, that it is their Intention to defray every Expence incident to this CONCERT, so that the entire Receipts may be sent to the Bank. They beg leave to add, that THE ORCHESTRA have nobly offered their Services GRATIS, and that the MANAGER OF THE KING'S THEATRE has, in the most liberal Manner, given the Use of the Room, and every other Convenience in his Power.

N. B. REFRESHMENTS between the Acts.

The Entrance to the Room will be at the THEATRE DOOR, the other Door being solely appropriated to THEIR MAJESTIES and Suite.

The Doors will be opened at Half past Six, and the Performance begin precisely at Half past Seven o'Clock.

THEIR MAJESTIES.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Mrs. HARRISON.

Mr. HARRISON.
Mr. SALL.
Mr. KNYVETT.
Mr. GORE.
Mr. LITTLE.
Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.
Mr. BARTLEMAN.

LEADER OF THE BAND, Mr. GRAMER.
CONDUCTOR, Mr. GREATORNEY.

Tickets (One Guinea each) to be had at Messrs. Lockman and Brothers, Chesapeake and Haymarket; Messrs. O'Neil, Street; and Mr. Brockwell, New Bond Street. — The Managers of Tickets will be limited to what the Room can perfectly accommodate, and the money to be received at the door.

The DIRECTORS acquiesce in the fact, that it is their intention to delay every Expenditure incident to this CONCERT, to that the entire Receipts may be sent to the Bank. They beg leave to add, that THE ORCHESTRA have nobly offered their services gratis, and that the MANAGER OF THE KING'S THEATRE has, in the most liberal manner, given the use of the Room, and every other convenience in his Power.

N. B. Reservations between the Acts.
The Entrance to the Room will be by the THEATRE DOOR, the other Door being solely appropriated to THEIR MAJESTIES and suite.
The Doors will be opened at Half past Six, and the Performance begin precisely at Half past Seven o'Clock.

(No. 9.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of UXBRI DGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (Alcina.) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Your harps and cymbals. (Solomon.) *Handel.*
DUET. Lo conosco. (La Serva Padrona.) *Pergolesi.*
SONG. For ever blessed. } (Jephthah.) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Theme sublime. }
CONCERTO 6th. *Geminiani Corelli.*
DUET and CHORUS. Fear no danger. *Purcell.*
SONG. Thy genius, lo! *Purcell.*
CHORUS. Immortal Lord. (Deborah.) *Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. Oboe. *Handel.*
SONG. Se possono tanto. *S. Bach.*
SONG. Tyrants would in. } (Athalia.) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Tyrants, ye in vain. }
CONCERTO 1st. (from his Solos.) *Geminiani.*
SONG. Grazie agl'inganni tuoi. *Metastasio.*
PORTUGUEZE HYMN. Adeste fideles.
SONG. What passion cannot. (Dryden's Ode.) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Gloria Patri. (Jubilate.) *Handel.*

COMMITTEE OF RICHMOND

MEMORANDUM FOR THE COMMITTEE OF RICHMOND
FROM: [illegible]
SUBJECT: [illegible]
[illegible text follows]

[illegible text follows]

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ALCINA.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

YOUR harps and cymbals sound
To great JEHOVAH's praise :
Unto the Lord of Hosts
Your willing voices raise.

DUET. Madame BANTI and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(LA SERVA PADRONA.)

Pergolesi.

Ser. Lo conosco a quegli occhietti
Furbi ladri malignetti;
Che se ben voi dite nò,
Pur m'accennano di sì.

Uber Signorina v'ingannate
Tropo in alto voi volate,
Gli occhi, ed io vidi dicon no,
Ed un sogno è questo sì.

Ser. Ma perche! non sono bella?
Graziosa, spiritosa?
Su, mirate leggiadria,
Ve che brio che maestà!

Uber. Ah costei mi va tentanto
Quanto va che me la fa.

Ser. Già me par ch'ei va calando
Via signore—

Uber. Vanne via.

Ser. Risolvete—

Uber. Matta sei

Ser. Son per voi gli affetti miei
E dovrete sposar me.

Uber. Oh che imbroglio egli è per me.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

For ever blessed be thy holy name, Lord God of
Israel.

CHORUS.

Theme sublime, of endless praise,
Just and righteous are thy ways,
And thy mercies still endure ;
Ever faithful, ever sure.

CONCERTO 6th.

Geminiani Corelli.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miss HANDY, and

CHORUS.

Purcell.

Fear no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you ;
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling : *Da Capo.*
Cupids strew your paths with flowers,
Gather'd from Elysian bowers. *Da Capo.*

SONG.

Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Purtell.

Thy Genius, lo! from his sweet bed of rest,
 Adorn'd with Jessamin, and with roses drest;
 The pow'rs divine have rais'd to stop thy fate,
 A true repentance never comes too late.

So soon as born, she made herself a shroud,
 The fleecy mantle of a weeping cloud,
 And swift as thought her airy journey took;
 Her hand heav'n's azure gate with trembling struck;
 The stars did with amazement on her look.

She told thy story in so sad a tone,
 The angels start from bliss and gave a groan.
 But Charles, beware, oh! dally not with Heav'n,
 For after this no pardon shall be giv'n.

CHORUS. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Immortal Lord of earth and skies,
Whose wonders all around us rise;
Whose anger, when it awful glows,
To swift perdition dooms thy foes.

O grant a leader to our host,
Whose name with honor we may boast;
Whose conduct may our cause maintain,
And break our proud oppressor's chain.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. Oboe.

Handel.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. S. Bach.

SE possono tanto,
Due luci vezzose,
Son degne di pianto,
Le furie gelose,
D'un' alma infelice,
D'un povero cor,

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Tyrants would, in impious throngs,
Silence his adorer's songs;
But shall Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

CHORUS.

Tyrants, ye in vain conspire;
Wake the lute, and strike the lyre.
Why should Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

CONCERTO 1st. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

SONG.

Madame BANTI.

*Parole e Musica
di Metastasio.*

Grazie agl'inganni tuoi
Alfin respiro o Nice!
Alfin d'un' infelice
Ebber gli Dei pietà.
Sento da' lacci suoi,
Sento che l'alma è sciolta;
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà.
Io lascio un' incostante;
Tu perdi un cor sincero!
Non so di noi primiero
Chi s'abbia a consolar.
So che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più Nice:
Che un' altra ingannatrice
E' facile a trovar.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

The Solo Parts by Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs.
HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes
Venite in Bethlehem,
Natum videte regem angelorum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine
Gestant puella viscera:
Deum verum, genitum non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria,
Patris æterni, verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium;
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum,

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (DRYDEN'S ODE.)

Handel.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the corded shell
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship the celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

CHORUS. (JUBILATE.) *Handel.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

(No. 10.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Lord Viscount MALDEN.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Semele.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
FUNERAL ANTHEM.		<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. <i>Ti parla in seno.</i>		<i>Perez.</i>
RECIT. accom. <i>Thus saith the.</i>	} (<i>Belshazzar.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. <i>Sing, O ye heav'ns.</i>		
RECIT. <i>O filial piety.</i>	} (<i>Saul.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. <i>No, no, cruel father.</i>		
MADRIGAL. <i>Lady when I behold.</i>		<i>Wilbye.</i>
SONG. <i>My Father; ah! me thinks.</i>	(<i>Hercules.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT. <i>See the proud chief.</i>	(<i>Deborah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Occasional Oratorio.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. <i>If guiltless blood.</i>	(<i>Susanna.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
FIRST MOVEMENT.	(<i>Te Deum.</i>)	<i>Graun.</i>
SONG. <i>Gentle airs.</i>	(<i>Athalia.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 2d.		<i>Ricciotti.</i>
SONG. <i>Ombre larve.</i>	(<i>Alceste.</i>)	<i>Gluck.</i>
CHORUS. <i>Blest be the hand.</i>	(<i>Theodora.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT. <i>Folle è Colui.</i>	} (<i>Ætius.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. <i>Nasce al bosco.</i>		
CHORUS. <i>O Lord, in thee.</i>	(<i>Te Deum.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Lord Viscount M.A.D.E.M.

Count of Ancient Britain

Two Years Ago

ACT I

OVERTUNE
HUMERAL AND ME
SONG. To prove in some
KITE. error. This is the
CHORUS. Sing O. O. O.
KITE. O what piece
SONG. No matter what
MAID. O. Lady when I shall
SON. O. M. Father and
RECT. So the good time

ACT II

OVERTUNE
SONG. In which piece
FIRST MOVEMENT
SONG. O. O. O.
CONCERTO
SONG. O. O. O.
CHORUS. Bless the name
RECT. O. O. O.
SONG. O. O. O.
CHORUS. O. O. O.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(SEMELE.)

Handel.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Handel.

QUARTETTO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON,
Mr. Wm. KNYVETT, and Mr. SALE.

WHEN the ear heard him, then it blessed him;
and when the eye saw him, it gave witness of him.

CHORUS.

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless,
and him that had none to help him. Kindness,
meekness, and comfort, were in his tongue: if there
was any virtue, and if there was any praise, he
thought on those things.

QUARTETTO.

His body is buried in peace:

CHORUS.

But his name liveth evermore.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (FARNACE.) *Perez.*

Ti parla in seno amore

Per l'innocente figlio ;

Ma ti favelli al core

L'offesa maestà.

Alla pria che fra ritorte

Sia nel vicin periglio,

Guidalo in braccio a morte ;

Questa è per lui pietà.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,

Whose right hand I have holden, to subdue

Nations before him : I will go before thee,

To loose the strong-knit loins of mighty kings,

Make straight the crooked places, break in pieces
 The gates of solid brass, and cut in sunder
 The bars of iron. For my servant's sake,
 Israel my chosen, though thou hast not known me,
 I have surnamed thee : I have girded thee :
 That from the rising to the setting sun
 The nations may confess I am the Lord,
 There is none else, there is no God besides me.
 Thou shalt perform my pleasure to Jerusalem,
 Saying, "Thou shalt be built;" and to the Temple,
 "Thy raz'd foundation shall again be laid."

CHORUS.

Sing, O ye heavens ! for the Lord hath done it :
 Earth from thy centre shout :
 Break forth ye mountains, into songs of joy :
 O forest, and each tree therein :
 Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
 And glorify'd himself in Israel.

Hallelujah. Amen.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (SAUL.) |*Handel.*

O filial piety! O sacred friendship!
 How shall I reconcile you?
 Cruel father, your just commands I always have
 obey'd;
 But to destroy my friend; the brave, the virtuous,
 the godlike David;
 Israel's defender, and terror of her foes;
 To disobey you, what shall I call it?
 'Tis an act of duty to God; to David; nay, indeed
 to you.

SONG.

No, no, cruel father, no;
 Your hard commands I can't obey;
 Shall I, with sacrilegious blow,
 Take pious David's life away:
 No, no, with my life I must defend,
 Against the world, my best, my dearest friend.

MADRIGAL.

Wilbye.

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours ;
And then behold your lips, where sweet Love
harbours ;

Mine eyes present me with a double doubting.
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses,

SONG. Miss JACKSON. (HERCULES.) *Handel.*

My father ; ah ! methinks I see
The sword inflict the deadly wound,
He bleeds, he falls in agony,
Dying he bites the bloody ground.

Peaceful rest, dear parent shade,
Light the earth be on thee laid,
In thy daughter's pious mind,
All thy virtues live enshrin'd.

CHORUS.

(DEBORAH.)

Handel.

See the proud chief advances now
 With sullen march and gloomy brow.
 Jacob, arise, assert thy God,
 And scorn oppression's iron rod.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (SUSANNA.) *Handel.*

IF guiltless blood be your intent,
I here resign it all;
Fearless of death, as innocent,
I triumph in my fall:
And, if to fate my days must run,
Oh, righteous heav'n! thy will be done!

C

FIRST MOVEMENT. (TE DEUM.) *Graun.*

CHORUS.

Te Deum laudamus, Te dominum confitemur, Te
æternum Patrem, omnis terra, veneratur.

SOLI.

Tibi omnes angeli, Tibi cœli et universæ potestates:
Tibi cherubim et seraphim incessabili voce procla-
mant.

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth:
Pleni sunt cœli et terra majestatis gloria tuæ.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
Call for raptures out of woe:—
Lull the regal mourner's pains,
Sweetly soothe her as you flow.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 2d.

Ricciotti.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Ombre! Larve! compagne di morte
Non vi chiedo non voglio pietà
Se vi tolgo l'amato consorte
Abbandona una sposa fedel
Non mi lagno di questa mia sorte
Questo cambio non chiamo crudel
Ombre! Larve! compagne di morte
Non v'offenda sì giusta pietà
Forza ignota che in petto mi sento
M'avvalora mi sprona al cimento
Di me stessa più grande mi fa.

CHORUS. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

Blest be the hand, and blest the pow'r,
That, in the dark and dang'rous hour,
Sav'd thee from cruel strife.
Lord! favour still the kind intent,
And blefs thy gracious instrument
With liberty and life.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ÆTIUS) *Handel.*

Folle è Colui,
Che al tuo favor si fida
Instabile fortuna
Pur troppo o sorte infida.

SONG.

Nasce al bosco in rozza cuna,
Un felice pastorello,
E con l' aure di fortuna,
Giunge i regni a dominar.
Presso al trono in regie fasce
Sventurato un altro nasce,
E fra l'ire della sorte,
Va gli armenti a pascolar. *Da Capo.*

SOLO. Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS.

(DETTINGEN TE DEUM.) *Handel.*

O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me never be
confounded.

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

(No. 11.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
His Grace the Duke of LEEDS,
For Lord Viscount FITZWILLIAM.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. This day a solemn. } (Samson.) Handel.

CHORUS. Awake, the trumpet.

RECIT. Zebul, thy deeds.

SONG. His mighty arm. } (Jephthah.) Handel.

CHORUS. In glory high.

SONG. Sin not, O King! (Saul.) Handel.

CONCERTO 3d. Ricciotti.

RECIT. 'Tis done, thus. } (Acis & Galatea.) Handel.

SONG. Heart, the seat of.

RECIT. and CHORUS. } (Dryden's Ode.) Handel.

From harmony.

SONG. Se a librarsi. (La Passione.) Vinci.

RECIT. When he is in his.

SONG. When storms the. } (Athalia.) Handel.

CHORUS. O Judah, boast.

ACT II.

OVERTURE 5th. Op. 8. Martini.

OPENING of the TE DEUM. Purcell.

DUET. Joys in gentle trains. (Athalia.) Handel.

CHORUS. Envy, eldest born of hell. (Saul.) Handel.

SONG. When warlike. (Occasional Oratorio) Handel.

CONCERTO 6th. Grand. Handel.

DUET and CHORUS. I will give thanks. Marcello.

CANTATA. Luci degli occhi. Pergolesi.

TRIO. Ye, that in waters glide. } Galliard.

CHORUS. Join voices.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

THIS day, a solemn feast to DAGON held
Relieves me from my task of servile toil;
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest; to breathe heav'ns air, fresh-blowing, pure,
And sweet.—

CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When DAGON, king of all the earth, is crown'd.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Zebul, thy deeds were valiant, nor less thine, my
Hamor, but the glory is the Lord's.

SONG.

His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe;
They fell before him, as when through the sky
He bids the sweeping winds in vengeance fly.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

In glory high, in might serene,
He sees, moves all, unmov'd, unseen;
His mighty arm with sudden blow,
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe.

SONG. Miss HANDY. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

Sin not, O King! against the youth
Who ne'er offended you;
Think to his loyalty and truth
What great rewards are due.

From cities storm'd and battles won,
What glory can accrue?
By this the hero best is known,
He can himself subdue.

CONCERTO 3d.

Ricciotti.

RECIT. Miss JACKSON. (ACIS & GALATEA.)

Handel.

'Tis done; thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

SONG

Heart, the seat of soft delight;
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chrystal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose
The bubbling fountain, lo, it flows,
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

B

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (DRYDEN'S ODE.)

Handel.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began.

RECIT. accomp.

When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head;
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's pow'r obey.

CHORUS.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This universal frame began;
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (LA PASSIONE.)

Vinci.

Se a librasi in mezzo all' onde
Incomincia il fanciulletto,
Con la man gli regge il petto
Il canuto nuotator,

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ATHALIA.)

Handel.

When he is in his wrath reveal'd,
Where will the haughty lie conceal'd?

SONG.

When Storms the proud to terrors doom,
He forms the dark majestic scene,
He rolls the thunder thro' the gloom,
And on the whirlwind rides serene.

CHORUS.

O Judah, boast his matchless law,
Pronounc'd with such tremendous awe;
When tempests his approach proclaim'd,
And Sinah's trembling mountain flam'd,
And Judah then his terrors saw.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE.

Martini.

OPENING OF THE TE DEUM.

Purcell.

WE praise thee, O God : we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee : the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud : the heavens and all
the powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin : continually do
cry,

Holy, holy, holy : Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty : of thy
glory.

DUET. Miss JACKSON and Mr. NIELD.

(ATHALIA.)

Handel.

Joys, in gentle trains appearing,
Heav'n does to my fair impart ;
And to make them more endearing,
I shall share them with thy heart.

Softer joys will but deceive me,
Hadst not thou thy happy part ;
O, my dearest lord, believe me,
Thou shalt share them with my heart.

CHORUS.

(SAUL.)

Handel.

Envy, eldest born of hell,
Cease in human breast to dwell:
Ever at all good repining,
Still the happy undermining.
God and man by thee infested,
Thou by God and man detested;
Most thyself thou dost torment,
At once the crime and punishment.
Hide thee in the blackest night,
Virtue sickens at the sight;
Hence, eldest born of hell,
Cease in human breast to dwell.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

(OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

When warlike ensigns wave on high,
And trumpets pierce the vaulted sky,
The frightened peasant sees his field
For corn an iron harvest yield.
No pasture now the plain affords,
And rural scythes are straighten'd into swords;
Be calm, and Heav'n will soon dispose
To future good our present woes.

CONCERTO 6th. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON & Mr. BARTLEMAN,
and CHORUS. *Marcello.*

I will give thanks unto the Lord according to
his righteousness.

I will sing praises unto the name of the Lord most
high.

CANTATA. Madame BANTI. *Pergolesi.*

RECITATIVO.

Luce degli occhi miei,
Fille adorata! e pensi,
E vuoi al mar crudele
Al vento commetter la tua vita?
E non paventi l'ire
Dell' infido elemento?
Ne' pur ti duole, ingrata!
Me qui lasciar,
Che per te ardo ogn'ora

D'amoroso desire?

Ah! se tu parti

Io qui morirò dolente

In duro aspro martire

I giorni mesti, e l'ore;

Dura mercede

Al mio fedele amore.

ARIA.

Ove tu ben mio non sei

Tutto spiace agl'occhi miei

Parmi sempre notte oscura

Ne risplende il sol per me.

RECIT.

Ma, se pure il destino

Che tu parta da me,

Fille, ha prescritto;

Sian brevi le dimore,

E riedi tosto

A ravvivarmi il core.

Quindi, speranza mia,

Fa che de tuoi pensiero

Unico obietti sia

La mia fè,

La mia pena,
E l'amor mio.
Sospira anche tal ora
E di, " Oh Dio !
" Fosse qui meco ancora
" Il mio caro Mirtillo."
Forse in parte così
Temprar potrei
Fra sì dolci lusinghe
I mali miei.

ARIA.

Contento forse vivere
Nel mio martir potrei,
Se mai potessi credere
Ch'ancor lontan, tu sei
Fedele all amor mio ;
Fedele a questo cor.
E se mai fiamma accendere
Tanto potesso il core
Che'l riducesse in cenere ;
Mio ben, d'un tal' errore
Sarei contento ancor.

E

Da Capo,

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON, and
Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Galliard.*

Ye that in waters glide; and ye that walk
The earth, or stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent morn or ev'n,
or valley; fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise,

CHORUS.

Join voices all ye living souls: ye birds
That singing up to heav'n's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise,

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Ancient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1799, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by

LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 21st, 1798.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed that
the following are the Days on which the CONCERTS
will be performed this Season:

Concert 1, Wednesday, 7th of February.

_____ 2, _____ 14th ditto.

_____ 3, Friday, . . . 23d ditto.

_____ 4, Wednesday, 28th ditto.

_____ 5, Friday, . . . 9th of March.

_____ 6, Wednesday, 14th ditto.

_____ 7, _____ 21st ditto.

_____ 8, _____ 28th ditto.

_____ 9, _____ 18th of April.

_____ 10, _____ 25th ditto.

_____ 11, _____ 2d of May.

_____ 12, _____ 9th ditto.

(No. 12.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

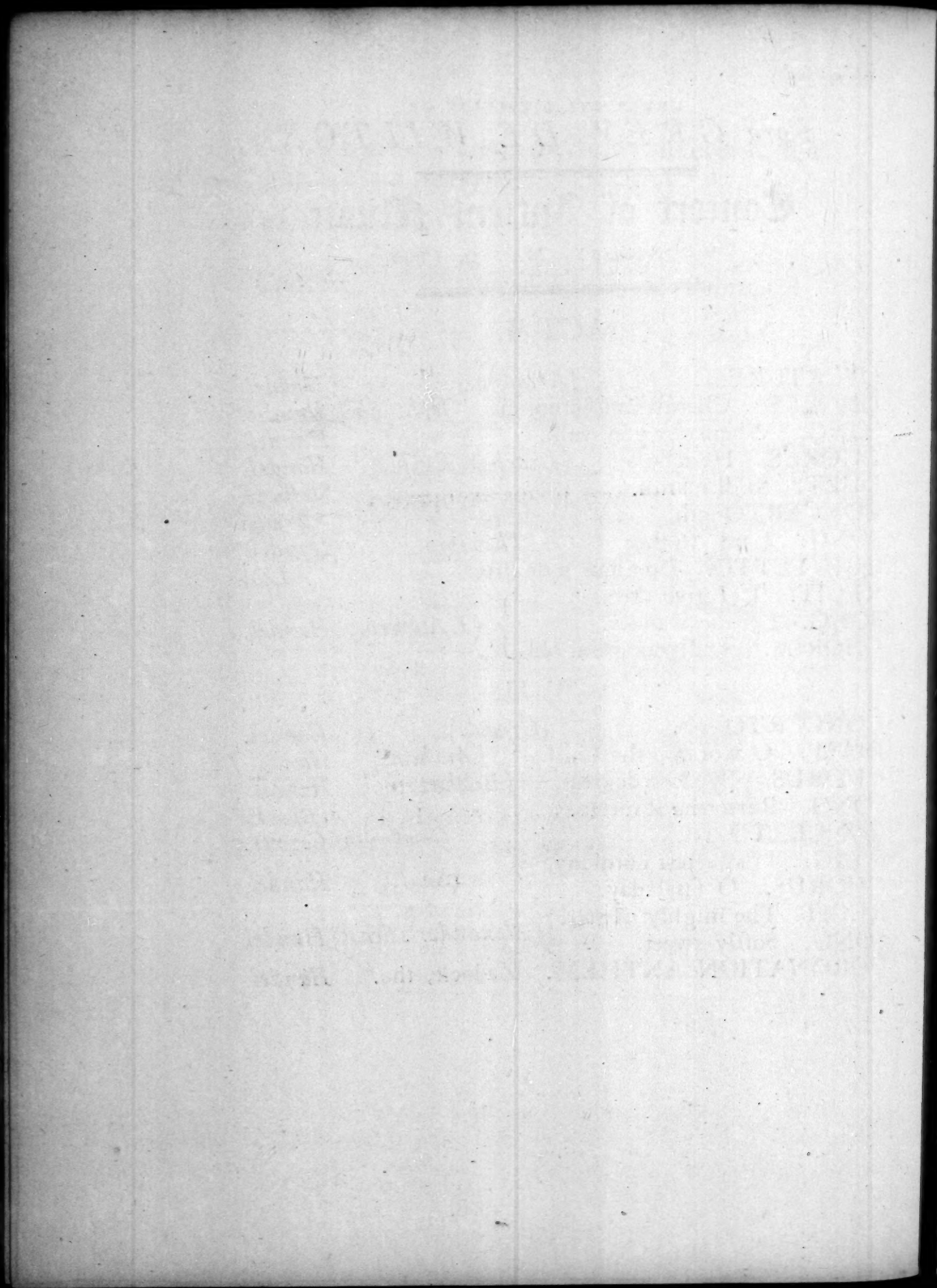
WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Ariadne.)* Handel.
CHORUS. Cherub and Seraphim. *(Jephthah.)* Handel.
SONG. Where e'er you walk. *(Semele.)* Handel.
CHORUS. He rebuked. *(Israel in Egypt.)* Handel.
DUET. Saldi marmi. Steffani.
CONCERTO 5th. Corelli.
SONG. Lord, to thee. *(Theodora.)* Handel.
QUINTETTO. Dominus a dextris. Leo.
RECIT. If I give thee.
SONG. Let me wander. } *(L'Allegro.)* Handel.
CHORUS. And young and old. }

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1st. *(Grand.)* Handel.
DUET. O worship the Lord. *(Anthem.)* Handel.
CHORUS. By slow degrees. *(Belshazzar.)* Handel.
SONG. Rasserena il mesto. Gluck.
CONCERTO 1st. Geminiani Corelli.
SONG. In sweetest harmony. }
CHORUS. O fatal day. } *(Saul.)* Handel.
RECIT. The mighty master. } *(Alexander's Feast)* Handel.
SONG. Softly sweet. }
CORONATION ANTHEM. Zadock, the. Handel.



ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ARIADNE.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

CHERUB and seraphim, unbodied forms,
The messenger of fate,
His dread command await ;
Of swifter flight and subtler frame
Than lightning's winged flame,
They ride on whirlwinds directing the storms.

SONG. Master ELLIOT. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

Where e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade ;
Where e'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where e'er you turn your eyes.
Da Capo.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up.
He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness.
But the waters overwhelmed their enemies ; there
was not one of them left.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Madame BANTI.
Steffani.

Saldi marmi che coprite
Del mio ben l'ignuda salma
Ch'ogni dì, più in mezzo all'alma
La mia fede stabilite,
Che ne dite?
Deggio al nuova desire
Oppor il vostro gelo
O pur morire?

RECIT. Madame BANTI.

Così Fille dicea ;
Del suo perduto Bene
Rivolto un giorno
Alla bellezza estinta.
Vissella di Fileno
Lunga stagione
In fortunati amori
Ma già le bionde ariste
Quattro volte divise
Aveo dal suolo
Del curvo Mietetor
La falce adunca ;
Da ch' ei scendendo a morte
Tra solitarj ardori
Lasciolla in vita.
Non vantar mai tra tanto
Lacci un crin,
Risi un labbro,
O strali un ciglio
Onde il suo cor
O piagato o invaghito
O avvinto fosse.

B

(6)

Mostrolla al fine il caso
Ne' begli occhi di Tirsi
Del amato, Filen
Mille sembianze:
Onde fatta incapace
Di resister al bel
Ch' amò una volta;
Risoluta d'amare
Ancora un dì;
Parlando a pensier suoi,
Dissi così;

DUET.

Incòstanza! e che pretendi?
Amerò sì, ch' amerò.
So ben io come si può
Cangiar amanti,
E non cangiar 'l incende.

CONCERTO 5th.

Corelli.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

Lord, to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope, we sing and pray ;
Though convulsive rocks the ground,
And thy thunders roll around,
Still to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope, we sing and pray. *Da Capo.*

QUINTETTO.

Leo.

Madame BANTI, Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. KNYVETT,
NIELD, and BARTLEMAN.

Dominus a dextris tuis confregit in die iræ suæ
Regis: judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas,
conquassabit capita in terrâ moltorum; de torrente
In viâ bibet; propterea exaltabit caput.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green ;
Where the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his scythe ;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or, let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

(9)

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday.

'Till the live-long daylight fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1st. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

DUET. Mr. NIELD and Miss JACKSON.
(ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

CHORUS. (BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

By slow degrees the wrath of God to its meridian
height ascends,

There mercy long the dreadful bolt suspends,

Ere it offending man annoy :

Long patient, for repentance waits ; reluctant to de-
stroy.

At length the wretch, obdurate grown,

Infatuated, makes the ruin all his own ;

And ev'ry step he takes, on his devoted head

Precipitates the thunder down.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

Rasserena il mesto ciglio

Non è ver, non vado a morte ;

Vò con lieta, e fausta sorte

Il mio fato ad incontrar.

CONCERTO 1st.

Geminiani Corelli.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

In sweetest harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
But him defending, bravely dy'd :
A loss too great to be surviv'd !
For Saul, ye maids of Israel moan,
To whose indulgent care
You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty long
has shone.

CHORUS.

Oh, fatal day ; how low the mighty lie !
Oh, Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die !
For thy King and people slain.

SOLO. Mrs. HARRISON.

For thee, my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my distress,
What language can my grief express?
Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd in thee,
And more than woman's love, thy wond'rous love to
me.

CHORUS.

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Where Israel is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy,
How can'st thou raise again thy drooping head?

D

RECIT. Master ELLIOT.

(ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

The mighty master smil'd to see,
That Love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

SONG.

Softly sweet in lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

Zadock the priest, and Nathan the prophet,
anointed Solomon king: and all the people rejoiced,
and said, God save the king—long live the king—
may the king live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

END OF THE TWELFTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Ancient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1799, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 21st, 1798.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed that the following are the Days on which the CONCERTS will be performed this Season:

Concert 1, Wednesday, 7th of February.

_____ 2, _____ 14th ditto.

_____ 3, Friday, . . . 23d ditto.

_____ 4, Wednesday, 28th ditto.

_____ 5, Friday, . . . 9th of March.

_____ 6, Wednesday, 14th ditto.

_____ 7, _____ 21st ditto.

_____ 8, _____ 28th ditto.

_____ 9, _____ 18th of April.

_____ 10, _____ 25th ditto.

_____ 11, _____ 2d of May.

_____ 12, _____ 9th ditto.

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AND BY COMMAND OF
THEIR MAJESTIES.

A GRAND SELECTION OF

Sacred Music

FROM THE WORKS OF

HANDEL,

PERFORMED IN THE

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On FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1798,

For the ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS, and their
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Royal Society of Musicians.

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*N. B. Those marked thus *, are Governors for the present Year, commencing at Midsummer, 1796 ; and those with this Mark †, are the Court of Assistants, elected the 24th Day of November, 1751, and at several other subsequent Meetings.*

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Mr. John Erhard Weippart
Mr. Henry Ware

Y

Mr. Joseph Young

Z

Johan Nicholas Zwillingmann

THE Governors beg Leave to inform the Nobility and Gentry to whom this CHARITY is so much obliged, that from June, 1796, to June, 1797, they have necessarily laid out and expended for the Support of *Decayed Musicians* and their *Families*; *Widows of Decayed Musicians*; and in maintaining and educating *Orphans* who are left in Distress, and in putting them Apprentice; and for Medicine, Burials, and other incidental Charges relating to the CHARITY, the Sum of £1809. os. 10d. And that the Books are open, and may be inspected by any Gentleman (being a Subscriber to the CHARITY) the first Sunday in every Month, at a Meeting of the Governors, at the *King's Arms, Mary-le-Bone Street, Golden Square*.

N.B. All Expences attending the Meetings of the Governors, Court of Assistants, and Committee for managing of their Annual Performance, are defrayed by themselves.

Should any Persons be induced to become Contributors to this useful Institution, they are requested to order their Subscriptions to be paid to Mr. JESSEE HORWOOD, No. 5, *Walnut-tree Walk, Lambeth*, the Society's Collector;— And to those who shall be disposed to bequeath any Legacy to this Charity, the following Form is recommended:—*I give and bequeath unto the Governors for the Time being, of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great-Britain, for the Use of the said Society, and for the Charitable Purposes of that Institution, the Sum of* _____
of lawful Money of Great Britain.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

BY COMMAND, AND UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
THEIR MAJESTIES,

DIRECTED BY

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD,	Honorary President,	
His Grace the Duke of LEEDS,	}	Honorary Vice Presidents,
The Earl of UXBRIDGE,		
Lord Viscount FITZWILLIAM,		
Lord Viscount MALDEN,		
Lord GREY DE WILTON,		
JOAH BATES, Esq.		

WILL BE PERFORMED,

On FRIDAY, the 4th of MAY, 1798,

AT THE

Great Concert Room, King's Theatre, Hay-Market,

A GRAND SELECTION OF

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

MUSIC,

FROM THE WORKS OF HANDEL.

THE PRINCIPAL VOCAL PARTS BY

Madame MARA
and Mrs. HARRISON,

Mr. HARRISON,

Mr. NIELD, Mr. SALE,

Messrs. KNYVETT, Mr. GORE,

Mr. CHAMPNES, and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Leader of the Band, Mr. CRAMER.

Conductor, Mr. GREATOREX.

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ACT I.

OVERTURE. - - - - - *Joseph.*
 CHORUS. Around let acclamations ring. - - - - - *Athalia.*
 SONG. Mr. NIELD. O beautiful queen. - - - - - *Esther.*
 CHORUS. The many rend the skies. - - - - - *Alexander's Feast.*
 TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. }
 BARTLEMAN. The flocks shall leave the mountains. } - - - *Acis and Galatea.*
 THE ELEVENTH GRAND CONCERTO. - - - - -
 SONG. MADAME MARA. Dove fei. - - - - - *Rodelinda.*
 CHORUS. O God! who in thy heavenly hand. - - - - - *Joseph.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE AND MARCH. - - - - - *Scipio.*
 RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. { Deeper and deeper. }
 AIR. - - - - - { Wait her Angels. } - - - - - *Jephthah.*
 CHORUS. For unto us. - - - - - *Messiah.*
 RECIT. MADAME MARA. Alma del gran Pompeo. }
 AIR. - - - - - Affanni del pensier. } - - - - - *Giulio Cesare.*
 THE SECOND HAUTBOY CONCERTO. - - - - -
 CHORUS. See from his post. - - - - - *Belshazzar.*
 SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. Shall I in Mamre's. }
 CHORUS. - - - - - For all these mercies. } - - - - - *Joshua.*
 RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. But bright Cecilia. }
 AIR. - - - - - As from the Power. } - - - - - *Dryden's Ode.*
 CHORUS. - - - - - The dead shall live. }

Tickets, ONE GUINEA each, and no more will be issued than the Room will hold.
 The Profits will be applied to the distressed Families of the Royal Society of Musicians.

No Money to be taken at the Door, nor any SILVER Ticket admitted.

Books of the Performance, with a correct List of the Subscribers, to be had at the Concert Room, price ONE SHILLING only.

The Doors will be opened at Half past Six, and the Concert begin precisely at Half past Seven o'Clock in the Evening.

N. B. Refreshments between the Acts.

The Entrance to the Room will be at the Theatre Door, the other Door being solely appropriated to their Majesties and Suite.

Tickets are now delivering at Messrs. Longman and Broderip's Music Shops, in Cheapside and the Hay-market; Mr. Smart's, Oxford Street; Mr. Birchall's, New Bond Street; and at Mr. Winchester's, No. 61, Strand.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

Joseph.

CHORUS.

Athalia.

AROUND let acclamations ring,
Hail royal youth, long live the King.

SOLO. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Reviving Judah shall no more
Detested images adore;
We'll purge, with a reforming hand,
Idolatry from out the land:
May God, from whom all mercies spring,
Bless the true Church, and save the King!

GRAND CHORUS.

Bless the true Church, and save the King!

SONG.

Mr. NIELD.

Esther.

O beauteous Queen unclofe those eyes,
My fairest shall not bleed:
Hear Love's soft voice that bids thee rise,
And bids thy suit succeed.
Ask, and 'tis granted; from this hour,
Who shares our heart shall share our pow'r.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Alexander's Feast.

The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON, and
Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Acis and Galatea.*

Acis & Galat. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
E'er I forsake my love.

Not show'rs to larks so pleasing
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Polypheme. Torture, fury, rage, despair!
I cannot, cannot bear;
Fly, thou massy ruin, fly,
Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

CONCERTO 11th.

Grand.

SONG.

Madame MARA.

Rodelinda.

Dove fei, amato bene ?
Vieni l'alma a consolar.
Son oppressa da tormenti,
Ed i crudi miei lamenti,
Sol con te posso bear.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Joseph.

O GOD, who in thy heav'nly hand
Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy JACOB, and his land,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be ;
Thy tender mercies let us share,
O LORD, we trust alone in thee.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE and MARCH. *Scipio.*

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON, *Jephthah.*

DEEPER, and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
 Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
 The cruel sentence on my fault'ring tongue.
 Oh! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
 Or howling deserts;—for the ears of men
 It is too shocking.—Yet have I not vow'd,
 And can I think the great JEHOVAH sleeps,
 Like Chemosh, and such fabled Deities?—
 Ah! no:—Heaven heard my thoughts, and wrote
 them down:

It must be so!—'tis this that racks my brain,
 And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
 That lash me into madness.—

—————Horrid thought!
 My only daughter;—so dear a child,
 Doom'd by a father!—Yes,—the vow is past,
 And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes;—
 Therefore,—to-morrow's dawn—I can no more.

SONG.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
 Far above yon azure plain;
 Glorious there, like you, to rise,
 There, like you, for ever reign.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Messiah.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

RECIT. accomp. Madame MARA. *Julius Cesare.*

Alma del gran Pompeo,
Che al cener suo d'intorno,
Invisibil t'aggiri,
Fur ombra i tuoi trofei,
Ombra la tua grandezza, e un ombra sei,
Così termina al fine il fasto umano
Ier, chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
Oggi, rivolta in polve un urna ferra
Tal di ciascuno, ah! lasso!
Il principio è di terra, e il fine un fasso,
Misera vita! o quanto è fral tuo stato!
Ti forma un soffio, e ti distrugge un fiato.

SONG.

Otho.

Affanni del pensier
Un sol momento
Datemi pace almen
E poi tornate.
Ah che nel mesto sen
Io già vi sento
Che ostinati la pace
A mi turbate.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 2d.

Oboe.

CHORUS.

Belshazzar.

See from his post EUPHRATES flies,
The stream withdraws his guardian wave,
Fenceless the queen of cities lies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, dost thou leave
Thy charge to hostile arms a prey?
Expose the lives thou ought'st to save,
Prepare the fierce invaders way,
And, like false man, thy trust betray?
EUPHRATES hath his task fulfill'd,
But to divine decree must yield,
While BABEL, queen of cities, reign'd,
Her flood, her guardian, was ordain'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, like false man,
Thy trust betray?
Now to superior pow'r give place,
And but the doom of Heav'n obey.

FULL CHORUS.

Of things on earth, proud man must own,
Falsehood is found in man alone.

SONG.

Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Joshua.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain,
The remnant of my days remain?
And is it giv'n for me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave?
For all these mercies I will sing,
Eternal praise to Heav'ns high King.

CHORUS.

For all these mercies we will sing,
Eternal praise to Heav'ns high King.

RECIT. accomp. Mrs. HARRISON.

Dryden's Ode.

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was given:
An angel heard. and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

AIR and CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above:
So when the last and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

FINIS



